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"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

EPISODE # 36

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11:30 to 12:30 A.M. C.S.T.

OCTOBER 20, 1952

THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA: (RANGER SONG)

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers".

(ORCHESTRA: QUARTET)

ANNOUNCER: Now, folks, we take you to the National Forest, where our old friend Ranger Jim Robbins and his young assistant, Jerry Quick, are in charge of the Pine Cone Ranger District. - All summer long, local livestockmen have been grazing their sheep and cattle on the high mountain ranges of the National Forest, under permit from the U.S. Forest Service. The Forest Rangers have been carefully supervising this use of the range to make sure that it is not overgrazed and that forage will still be available another year, for the livestock ranges, like the timber and other resources of the National Forests must not be wasted by a short-sighted policy of exploitation, but must be managed for continuous and permanent use. This is conservation, as practiced by Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers. -- Now, as the grazing season draws to a close, the sheep are being brought down from the high ranges, and we find Ranger Jim, and Jerry, who is now back at the Pine Cone Ranger Station, preparing today for a trip to the sheep camps.

JERRY: (SOUND OF SPLASHING AND BLOWING WATER AS HE WASHES FACE)

Boy! that water's cold this morning!

JIM: Yeah, there's a tang of autumn in the air this morning all right. Notice how heavy the dew is? There was almost a frost last night.

JERRY: Well it sure feels like winter is just around the corner.

JIM: Have you fed the horses, Jerry? We want to get an early start this morning.

JERRY: Yes, they're all fed and watered. Dolly wouldn't drink but one little gulp.

JIM: I'll give her another chance before we start. I wonder how breakfast is coming -- (CALLS) Oh, Bess.

BESS: (OFF) Yes, Jim.

JIM: How're the flapjacks? - Are they about ready?

BESS: (COMING UP) They'll be ready just as soon as you and Jerry get to the table.

JERRY: I guess that's service, ain't it, Jim?

JIM: (BANTERING) Yep. For once it's ready on time.

BESS: Jim Robbins, I've a good notion not to give you any breakfast. You're the one that's never ready on time.

JIM: (LAUGHING) Jerry let's get to that breakfast before Bess throws it out.

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JERRY: My, it's sure nice and warm in the kitchen. That fire feels good.

BESS: Oh, I'm wondering about my flowers. Do you think the frost might have hurt them last night, Jim?

JIM: They don't show any damage yet. You can tell more about it after the sun gets on 'em this morning.

BESS: I always hate so to give up my flowers in the fall. The frost comes so early in this altitude.

JERRY: They sure are pretty, Mrs. Robbins. You did mighty well with those big round flowers, - what do you call them?

BESS: You mean the dahlias?

JERRY: Yeah, I guess so. They're mighty pretty anyway.

BESS: Thanks, Jerry. -- Well, everything is all ready. Just sit right down and I'll put it on the table.

JIM: All right. Better load up heavy with those flapjacks Jerry, we're going on a long ride today.

BESS: Where are you going, Jim?

JIM: I want to cover as much of the upper sheep range as possible. We'll probably put up at one of the sheep camps tonight.

BESS: Do you want a lunch put up?

JIM: No, we may find a sheep camp along about dinner time too.

JERRY: Say, Mrs. Robbins, I'm not going to take any chances. I'll just take my lunch with me and be sure of it.

BESS: That's the sensible thing to do, Jerry. I'll fix it right away, and put in some for Jim too. I dare say he'll eat his share.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well of course if this ride is to be a picnic, we'd better take the fixins along with us. -- But Jerry will have to pack 'em.

JERRY: I'll gladly do that so let's make it a picnic.

(PHONE RINGS)

JIM: Hmmm. There's the phone. You want to answer it, Jerry?

JERRY: Sure. - (TO PHONE) Hello, Pine Cone Ranger Station -- Yeah, this is the Assistant Ranger. -- Huh? -- Hey, wait a minute. Hold the phone, will yuh? -- (TO JIM) Say, Jim - that's Wilson - the sheepman, you know. He says the herders've got his and old man Pringle's sheep all mixed up together on the range.

JIM: Got the two bands mixed, eh?

JERRY: Yeah, and Wilson was going to trail his band out of the Forest today. They want to trail 'em all out together and separate 'em down below.

JIM: Hmmmm - Wilson's and Pringle's bands together - let's see - including the lambs, that'd make over four thousand sheep in one band. That's too many to trail out all at once without damage to the Forest, Jerry.

JERRY: I should say. What're you going to do, Jim?

JIM: Tell 'im we're coming up there, and we'll see what we can do.

JERRY: All right. -- (TO PHONE) Hello -- Yeah -- (FADING OFF) Mr. Robbins says we're coming right up there --

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF BLEATING OF SHEEP, OFF, AND SOUND OF MEN'S VOICES IN HEATED ARGUMENT, OFF. -- "AW G'WAN" "WHO'S A LIAR?" ETC.)

WILSON: (SHOUTING) Hey - what's going on over there?

GALLAGHER: (OFF) Sure an' there'll be plenty goin' on in a minute, b'gorra - (COMING UP) An' it's a divil of a bunch o' sheepherders ye've got, Misther Wilson. Savin' yer presence, Sor, Oi'd lick the whole bunch of 'em.

WILSON: You would, eh?

GALLAGHER: Yis sor, Oi would, an' Oi've a mind to do it inyhow, b'gorra. Oi tell ye, Oi've been herdin' sheep for old man Pringle right on these ranges for twinty years an' anyone that says I'm off my range is a liar, sure as I'm Pat Gallagher.

(SOUND OF HORSES LOPING UP)

JIM: (COMING UP) Whoa, Dolly - Whoa. Here we are, Jerry.

JERRY: Whoa, Spark.

(SOUND OF HORSES STOPS)

JIM: Howdy, Wilson. Hi there, Gallagher. Nice day.

GALLAGHER: Noice day, is it? It's one rotthen day, I'll tell ye, Misther Robbins, whin thim ignorant sons of she-devils that's herdin' for the Wilson outfit git their critters mixed wi th the shape O'm tendin' for old man Pringle - and tendin' careful too.

WILSON: Mixed with Pringle's sheep, huh? It's them Pringle sheep that's mixed wi th my woolies - that's what.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I'd say they were mixed both ways about even. - Can't you fellows get 'em separated?

GALLAGHER: Separated, is it? Every time them blockheaded sheep - wranglers try to herd 'em apart, they get the critters mixed up worse than iver. I tell ye, if ye was to stand up one of them Wilson herders and one of them sheep together, it'd be the sheep that was the more intelligent.

WILSON: Say, look a here, now --

GALLAGHER: Sure an' for two cents and a can o' fresh tobacco Oi'd lick the whole blitherin' bunch of 'em, and the camp movers thrown in for good measure. B'gorra, Oi'd knock some sense into 'em - with both hands tied behind my back an' the other one in my pocket -

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Better not lose track of those hands, Pat.

WILSON: Look a here now, Jim. Gallagher here and the rest of them herders for the Pringle outfit's let their sheep get on my range, see --

GALLAGHER: Oi did not.

WILSON: You're on my range, I tell yuh.

JIM: Yep, Gallagher, you let your sheep get on Wilson's range all right.

GALLAGHER: B'gorra, then Cassabianca's band is on my range. Sure an' it was to kape from getting mixed up with Cassabianca's woolies that I moved over here. When I get my two hands on that Cassabianca outfit -- !

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, we'll get that straightened out later. Right now, we've got to get these two bands of sheep separated. -- See? There's two many sheep in those two mixed bands to trail out all at one time, without doing damage to the Forest.

WILSON: How yuh goin' to separate them woolies?

JIM: You fellows get your herders and camp movers busy here and build a temporary corral out of poles and brush, -- see? -- And fix up a dodge gate to run the sheep through.

WILSON: All right. I reckon we kin do it thataway. -

(GOING OFF) Come on, Gallagher, let's get started.

GALLAGHER: Sure. -- (SHOUTS, GOING OFF) Hi, come on now, ye shape-wranglin' idiots - let's see ye get a move on for wanst. --

JERRY: (LAUGHING) Say, old Pat Gallagher sure was itching for a fight, - wasn't he?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I reckon he's a mite disappointed, Jerry. Pat was just workin' himself up to the proper spirit so's he could enjoy a good free-for-all.

JERRY: Yeah. - Well, I guess we're going to get these sheep untangled after all.

JIM: 'Twont be so hard, Jerry. Both these bands've been marked.

JERRY: Yeah. The marks are registered on the grazing permits.

JIM: Uh huh. - Well, while the boys are building their corral, let's have a look at the range and see if it's in as good shape as it should be.

JERRY: Okay -- get up, Spark - All right, old boy --

JIM: There now, Dolly -- (CLUCKS TO HORSE)

(SOUND OF HORSES TROTTING OFF)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF HORSES WALKING)

JIM: Whoa , Dolly --

JERRY: Whoa : -

(HORSES STOP)

JIM: Looks pretty good, huh, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah. There seems to be plenty of forage left for seeding the range. I haven't seen any place where the grass is all trampled out yet.

JIM: Nope I reckon we can't complain at the way the sheepmen used our range this year. This open herding system of handling sheep on the range, that our grazing specialists worked out, saves us having a lot of bedgrounds trampled into dust heaps.

JERRY: It sure does. - Do the animals put on weight all right that way?

JIM: Yes. You see, the sheep keep moving on to fresh range, and they don't have to be herded back to the same bedground every night. They generally weigh considerably heavier than under the old system. - Here comes Wilson. Maybe he can tell us what his lambs are weighing now.

WILSON: (COMING UP) Hey Jim -

JIM: Yeah?

WILSON: We got the corral fixed up.

JIM: All right. We'll start untangling your sheep. -- By the way, Wilson, have you weighed up any of those lambs of yours lately?

WILSON: Yeah, I weighed up some with a steel yard this morning.

JIM: How did they weigh?

WILSON: Pretty good, Jim. They run sixty-five to ninety pounds for May lambs. Averaged about seventy-five pounds.

JIM: That's a mighty good weight.

WILSON: Yeah. I never got anywhere nigh it in the old days, before you Rangers took to regulatin' the sheep range. This range right here used to be so fed out that the sheep had to travel a half-mile from one bite of grass to the next.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I remember you were one of the fellows that hollered, though, when we closed this range for a couple of years, to try and bring it back.

WILSON: Well, I ain't kickin' now, am I?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Nope. - Well, let's get these sheep of yours separated, Wilson. - We'd better tie up our horses over there to that tree, Jerry.

JERRY: All right. - Giddap, Spark.

(SOUND OF HORSES FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS)

JERRY: Whoa.

JIM: Whoa, Dolly. (DISMOUNTING) You'll have to wait here, old girl.

JERRY: (TYING HORSE) Whoa, Spark. - All right, Jim.

JIM: Now for a little sheep-wranglin' - (CALS) All right, boys, - go to it. --

(SOUND OF SHEEP BLEATING, DOGS BARKING, OFF, CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JIM: (CALIS) Better take it easy, boys - not too fast. --

(SOUND OF ONE SHEEP BLEATING, UP)

JIM: Through the dodge gate she goes, Jerry - See, it's easy.

JERRY: Sure.

(ANOTHER SHEEP BLEATING, UP)

JIM: In she goes -

JERRY: Hey! Come back here! (SHEEP BLEATS, UP) They let that one go the wrong way -- (LAUGHS) Look at that ole ewe try to get through. -

JIM: Yep.

(PAUSE)

JERRY: Sheep are sure hard to manage, aren't they, Jim?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I reckon they aren't any worse than some sheep herders.

(FADEOUT WITH SOUND OF SHEEP, ETC.)

ANNOUNCER: Well, folks, it's another one of those things that come up, and in carrying on his many-sided job of managing and protecting the forest resources, the Ranger must be prepared to meet any difficulty and ready for any emergency that threatens the welfare of the National Forest.

Next Thursday at this same hour, Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with us again. This program comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service. is/10:15 A.M. - Oct. 18, 1952

